

# Arlington Advocate.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY JOHN L. PARKER. TERMS, \$1.00 PER ANNUM. SINGLE COPIES, THREE CENTS.

Vol. 1.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FEBRUARY 3, 1872.

No. 6.

## Poetry.

### "TO THE FRONT!"

You "thought such aims were out of place,"  
"Twere best to do as others do,"  
"To be advised," "You ne'er had failed,"  
"I ought to rest content like you."  
O base contentment; born of sloth!  
O counsel of a craven soul!  
Better my loss than all your gain,  
My very failure than your goal!

What though I fall? Am I the first?  
Or am I shamed, because I fail,  
That such a heart as yours should beat  
With triumph as you tell the tale?  
You fall—not yet! I doubt it not.  
You never knew defeated pride.  
They well may win whose aims are base;  
They scarce can fail who ne'er have tried.

O pert in speech and small of heart,  
While half of it is filled with gall,  
The first to hear, the first to sing  
And tell it when your better fall.  
Thrice better were it now to die,  
While striving for the great and just,  
Than drag three lifetimes out like thine,  
And batten on such poisoned dust!

But pass. I choose to die, or reach  
The forefront where the bravest bleed.  
Keep thou the rear and leave to men  
Less greatly-moek to take the lead.  
But spare them when they chance to fall;  
For, trust me, noblest souls are those  
Who falling, rise, and strive anew,  
And mix in battle to the close.

## Selected.

### Sally Sparks, Spinster.

Just to ease my bursting heart, I am going write out an account of my last disappointment. It is meant only for my own perusal. If I thought anybody else would ever see it I should certainly faint away on the spot.

In the first place, I will set down here what I wouldn't on any account breathe to any living being—I am forty-one years old this spring; and yet I never quite succeeded in securing a partner to walk with me the thorny paths of existence, as somebody has very poetically and feelingly remarked. If I'd only known at sixteen what awaited me, I really believe I should have given up. Sixteen! only think, that was twenty-five years ago—though I give out to the public that I'm most thirty—but I'm afraid there are some of them that don't believe it.

However, I don't intend to give an account of all my past life. I'm only going to set down the particulars of my last summer's disappointment. It was just about the first of June, that the thought popped into my head, what a good idea it would be to go to the country to board. I'd pretty much given up the prospect of finding a husband in Millville, for the fact is, them factory girls—impudent, brazen busses as they are—monopolize the attention of all the men, so that those that are delicate and refined, like myself, don't stand any chance because they won't stoop to use the same arts that they do. Bless me what a long sentence! However, as no eye but my own is ever to read it, it don't make so much difference.

"Well, as I was saying, I concluded to go to some country town to spend the summer, hoping that, by passing myself off for a rich heiress, or fashionable belle, I might be able to catch a beau.

"So I began to look over the advertisements of country board, and at length came to the conclusion to go up to Huckleberry Corner, in New Hampshire where all the people that ain't farmers are agriculturists.

"I provided myself with as many fine dresses as I could afford, for you know I wanted people to think I was wealthy. I found it so expensive that before I got through, I found myself obliged to sell the half-acre of land that Grandfather Sparks left me in his will. But then I thought how much more valuable a husband would be than a half-acre of land. So I submitted to the sacrifice with Christian fortitude and resignation, feeling very confident that my reward would come, sooner or later.

It wasn't till about the last moment that the most brilliant idea of all came to me. It was this—I would pass myself off for a Southern widow, with a great cotton plantation. I felt pretty sure the men would nibble at the bait. Of course there wouldn't be anybody in Huckleberry Corner that would know me, so I could get along well enough.

I didn't quite know what State would be the best for me to hail from, but I finally concluded that Alabama would be as good as any. So I decided on that.

I likewise concluded to change my name so as to avoid suspicion, and I went down to the city on purpose to have some cards struck off with my new name. They looked like this:

MRS. COL. SPARKINGTON,  
SPARKSVILLE,  
ALABAMA.

I thought Sparkington sounded sort of aristocratic, and as I didn't know the names of any places in Alabama, I thought I would put Sparksville as that would give people an idea that my husband was a man of some importance to have the whole town named after him.

"Well, everything being arranged, I left Millville without letting anybody know where I thought of going. Indeed I hinted round that I didn't know but I should visit some of my relations in Boston, which wasn't a falsehood, because I do expect to sometime, if I live long enough.

On the morning of the second day I found myself on board the stage that went to Huckleberry Corner.

There wasn't but one other passenger in the stage but myself. He was a tall man, with elegant black whiskers, and looked as if he might be thirty years old. I was immediately struck by his appearance, and considered how I might draw his attention to me, for thus far he hadn't taken any more notice of me than if I had been a cat.

After a little reflection, I thought I would slip one of my cards out of my pocket, and contrive to drop it accidentally at his feet, so that he couldn't help stooping to pick it up, when of course he would see the name and would think more of me in consequence.

So I just took the opportunity when he was looking out of the window at the scenery, and slyly dropped the card just at his feet. But would you believe it, the provoking critter kept looking out of the window for some time, and when he got through doing that never thought of looking at his feet. So I coughed slightly, and remarked in what I considered to be an aristocratic tone:

"Would you be kind enough to hand me the card which I accidentally let fall?"  
"Certainly, ma'am," he said indifferently, stooping to pick it up. But when he saw the name, he said in a more interested tone, "I perceive that you are a southern lady."

I bowed.

"Would you allow me," he continued, "to retain this card and give you one of my own in exchange."

"I should be pleased to have you do so," said I, quite delighted at his desire to my acquaintance.

He handed me a card on which was inscribed the name of Erastus Lyon M. D.

"Are you indeed a physician?" said I, enthusiastically. "It is a profession that I venerate. It is the mission of the physician to go about relieving pain and sickness, and although my health has been remarkably good, I value the profession none the less. Let me see, I haven't been sick for twenty years, and as that was when I was a mere child, under ten, I don't remember much about it."

I said this so that he might make a calculation about my age, and think me under thirty. He looked a little surprised, I thought, and pretty soon he said:

"Have you ever been North before?"

"Yes," said I. In fact I feel pretty well acquainted with you northerners."

"And how do you like us, may I venture to ask?"

"Very much indeed. In fact I may say that I feel quite as much at home among you as at the South. Since the death of my husband, Colonel Sparkington, I have passed all my summers at the North."

I might have said that I had passed all my springs, falls and winters also; but I thought it wasn't necessary to tell the whole truth.

"May I inquire," said Dr. Lyon "whether you intend to stop any length of time at Huckleberry Corner?"

"I am thinking of passing the summer there if I like the place and meet agreeable people."

"You have never been there before?"

"No, and I know no one there."

"Indeed," said Dr. Lyon, thoughtfully. After a moment's pause he added, "If our brief acquaintance will justify the offer, I will suggest that the place at which I myself have engaged board is an excellent one and very pleasantly situated."

"Indeed, sir," said I, considerably more pleased than I was willing to show, "I shall be very much obliged to you if you will take that trouble."

When we reached Huckleberry Corner, I stopped at the stage office while Dr. Lyon went over to engage board for me. He came back in about half an hour, saying it was all arranged and I could go right over.

Half an hour afterwards I found myself settled in a very comfortable room at the house of Mr. Ezekiel Preston. He didn't take but two boarders, Dr. Lyon and myself. I wanted awfully to know how much board I was expected to pay, but I didn't dare to ask, as I wanted to pass as a rich Southern widow, to whom money is of no consequence. The next day Dr. Lyon happened to mention to me, of his own accord, that they charged seven dollars a week. It almost made me jump when I heard it, for I had calculated on not having more than half that to pay, and I felt sure that they piled on the price because they thought I was rich. However, when he told me I only said very coolly: "O, very well. Quite reasonable I think." I know that remark made quite an impression on him, for after that he became quite attentive to me. So three weeks passed away. Every day regular we used to walk out together, and I knew the people of Huckleberry Corner had a good deal to say about the rich Southern lady that boarded at Mr. Preston's.

At length the expected declaration came. Dr. Lyon told me that ever since he had seen me he had been powerfully attracted by my beauty and attractions, and entreated me to accept him. I told him it was very unexpected, and I did not know as it would be right to the memory of Colonel Sparkington to marry again, but if he thought it would be right I would not make no objection, as I felt to deplore my unprotected situation. I confessed with blushes that I had never met a man whom I thought so worthy to fill the place of the dear departed, and insinuated that he bore a strong resemblance to the colonel.

Dr. Lyon answered that in that case a second marriage might be considered a compliment to my late husband, and intimated that a refusal might have the effect of driving him into suicide. Well, the upshot of it was, that we agreed to be married in a week, by the minister of Huckleberry Corner. Dr. Lyon said he would invite a lady cousin to be present and stand up with me, as I couldn't be expected to have many friends at the North. Little did I anticipate who that female friend was. Two days before the ceremony she came, and to my horror I recognized her as my old enemy, Clarissa Higgins, of Millville.

"Mrs. Colonel Sparkington, of Alabama!" said she, in her shrill voice, when we were introduced. "Why this is the old maid Sally Sparks, that has lived all her life in Millville."  
"Good Heavens! is this indeed so?" asked Dr. Lyon, looking from her to me.

As for me, I fainted away in mortification, and when I came to, I was told that my husband that was to be, had left town, and the marriage was indefinitely postponed. I used up my last cent in paying my board bill and stage fare, and here I am at home again, a penniless and forlorn spinster—no longer Mrs. Colonel Sparkington, of Alabama, but Miss Sally Sparks, of Millville.

THE TRUE MAN.—Nine-tenths of the alleged inhumanity of mankind are owing to their being deceived. If people are sure of an accident or calamity, crowds hasten to relieve. By veracity we charm conversation; by sincerity we influence opinion; by trustworthiness we render friends loving and secure, add to the general confidence of men in men, and by thus strengthening the foundations of society, acquire the right to an analogous personal sense of worth and firmness. Truth gives a sense of security to the feeblest man, as lying does of insecurity to the strongest. The true man has but one answer to give to interrogators, one story to tell them, one face to show them, nobody's face to fear.

The word "carat," so familiarly used to indicate the degree of purity in gold in the manufactured state, was originally the name of a bean which grows on the carat-tree of India and Africa. The bean is of nearly uniform weight, and has long been used in those regions as a standard for weighing gold and precious stones, from which circumstance the word came to be adopted in all the market world as indicating the twenty-fourth part of an ounce of gold. If a mass of this metal is eighteen-twenty-fourths pure gold, the other six twenty-fourths being alloy of some kind, it is said to be eighteen carats fine.

"Wear and tear," thought Sybilla, who answered with a little pomposity, "Ay, Wattie, you talk of wear and tear, but let me tell you they are not the same things; you are tearing up your constitution, and you are really very sadly wrong to do so."

Wattie only understood that Miss Sybilla was angry with him; so he meekly answered, drawing his greasy cuff across his eyes, "Please, miss, let for John as is badly, as I've come for soup, and he've had a plenty of wear and tear, too, and all."

"No, no, Wattie, poor John has had no wear and tear, but he has nothing but wear; he has not willingly made himself ill. Do you understand now the difference between you and him?"

### "WEAR" OR "TEAR?"

"But, papa, you must make allowance for wear and tear," said Sybilla, Mr. Venn's young housekeeping daughter, who spoke with impatient displeasure as her father pointed to a china plate on the table.

"For wear, my dear, yes; for tear, no!" replied the old gentleman, with decision.

"But, papa, what is the difference? I always consider them as one thing," said the young housekeeper.

"You look on them as one thing, my dear, because you don't consider. 'Wear and tear' are not 'man and wife,' as you seem to think; and it would be a good thing if they were not so united in many minds as they are in yours."

"Well, papa, please tell me the difference," said Sybilla, coloring with displeasure.

"Illustration, my love, my love nothing like illustration," and he took up the china plate. "Here," he said, pointing to the faded gilding round the edges, and the little hair-like cracks which spread like network over the varnished surface—"here is wear; and here is tear," pointing to a chip off one side and a decided crack running from it across the centre.

"Yes, papa, that was an accident; they will happen sometimes of course."

"They will, child, I admit it; but be frank, and tell me if you don't think in many cases they might be avoided?"

"Yes, Sybilla was bound to confess that if more care and thought were used, accidents would wonderfully diminish."

"Then you see, Sybilla, that although wear is inevitable, tear is not."

"Wear, papa, is surely not inevitable, for if things were not used they would remain perfect," replied Sybilla, anxious to have a little of her own way in the argument.

"My dear, time has a tooth that will fret the strongest stuff; all that is temporal has its unwritten sentence, 'Decay.'"

"Then papa, if—"

"If all must decay, why distinguish between wear and tear? you mean to ask. Because, my love, for wear we are not answerable; for tear we are," said Mr. Venn, adding, "therefore, although I must, as you say, make allowance for wear, I am not bound to do so for tear. You understand?"

Sybilla did understand, and through the day she continually came upon illustrations of her father's morning lesson.

There were two brothers in the village, who were as different in character as they were alike in name. John was honest, sober, and industrious, but he suffered from asthma, which often hindered him from working. Wat was a drunkard, younger than John by seven years, but older in constitution. His legs trembled, his hands shook, his back was bent, and his face wore a vacant, hopeless expression. In fact, he was quite a wreck. A few serious words would make him cry like a child, but they left no impression on him.

Sybilla was in the pantry when the cook came to her, saying Wattie Bents was at the door; he'd come to ask for some soup.

"So you want some soup, Wattie? Are the times hard with you? or are you ill?"

"I'm partly ill, miss, and times isn't, as you may say, good," said Wattie not looking up, for he was ashamed to show his face.

"Wattie, I'm sorry to hear such a poor account; the truth is, you are out of work because you are ill, and you are ill—you know why?" Sybilla spoke very kindly; she pitied poor Wattie, whom she had known from a child, and whose altogether easy-going ways, made him a favorite in spite of his well-known terrible habit of drinking.

He looked very sorrowful, and his eyes filled with tears as he said, "You see, miss, there's more wear and tear for poor folks than gentlefolks, and if I catches a bit of cold, it sticks to me like hedgo fuzzes, and I'm so plagued with my cough I can do naught."

"Wear and tear," thought Sybilla, who answered with a little pomposity, "Ay, Wattie, you talk of wear and tear, but let me tell you they are not the same things; you are tearing up your constitution, and you are really very sadly wrong to do so."

Wattie only understood that Miss Sybilla was angry with him; so he meekly answered, drawing his greasy cuff across his eyes, "Please, miss, let for John as is badly, as I've come for soup, and he've had a plenty of wear and tear, too, and all."

"No, no, Wattie, poor John has had no wear and tear, but he has nothing but wear; he has not willingly made himself ill. Do you understand now the difference between you and him?"

Understand now the difference between you and him?"

"Yes, miss," said Wattie, willing to confess to anything so that he might escape, and give his whole attention to steadying the can while cook poured soup into it.

"Ah, he'll never improve! he's something like my old master," said cook, as she watched his unsteady steps down the garden.

"Oh, cook, you don't mean that good Squire Woodford was a drunkard!" exclaimed Sybilla, much shocked.

"Oh, no, miss; but in another way, he was the same as Wattie," said cook.

Sybilla, who had great respect for the Squire, desired her to explain.

"Why, miss, he was great for politics; and at one time he spent a mountain of bank-notes, so it was said, upon lectures; and then he was for improvements in the land and place when he didn't know anything about it; and he pulled down and built up, and changed this into that, and that into this, till it was pretty nigh dwindled away—so the people said—and he was forced to let the hall, and go into foreign parts, and I come here and very sorry I was to lose such a good place."

"Another instance of wear," thought Sybilla. "Ah," she said aloud, "just what I said to Wattie, the difference between 'wear and tear'—do you see cook?"

Sybilla found herself continually using the "square" to matters of all kinds, in order to settle the question of "wear" or "tear."

"Mrs. Dunstan, miss," said the little housemaid, and Sybilla went to the drawing room to receive her visitor.

After a lively chat on village affairs she asked after Miss Dunstan, who was staying in London.

"Oh, she is just worn out with fatigue; so much to be seen and done she says, leaves her time for nothing. Her letters to me are mere scraps; and she meant to get a few singing lessons; but she can't find an hour free for it," said Mrs. Dunstan.

Sybilla used her square directly. "Is it inevitable in a London life, to spend so much time on pleasure as to weary yourself out and be unable to devote any part of it to what you most desire?"

"She seems to think so," said Mrs. Dunstan; "but I tell her she should use moderation, and go to see what is really worth seeing, and do what upon reflection it is really well to do; then she would make things fit in; but she seems to think she must go on doing and seeing all."

"Ah," thought Sybilla; "you prescribe wear, she prescribes tear. A London visit must be wear, but is not necessary tear—that's it."

"I hope," said Mrs. Dunstan, "she will be home by the end of the month, for I expect my nephew Gerald, and she will be a great help in entertaining him."

"I heard that young Mr. Dunstan was very ill," said Sybilla; "is he better then?"

"Oh yes, better; but I fear he has injured himself past recovery—at any rate for a long time," said the lady.

"Injured himself?" said Sybilla.

"Yes; he worked so hard at college that his strength completely gave way; he was bent on taking honors, but he has paid dearly for them. If he had worked in an ordinary way he would have secured all that was necessary to him; but no constitution could stand the trial he has given his, which, with fair treatment, might have borne him through a long life; now, I much fear—" here the lady shook her head.

"So, here again, the 'inevitable wear' he might safely have borne, but the 'evitable tear' has repaid him in the 'old way,'" thought Sybilla.

"Papa," she said, at night, "I have thought so much of what you said to me this morning about 'wear and tear,' and 'tear,' and I am so glad you gave me the hint; I have found it true in many ways to-day," and she gave an account of her experience.—*Leisure Hours.*

Art received rather and awkward criticism from a free-and-easy young man, who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus:—"Er—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er—mud heads." And this was the artist's reply:—"Er—er, not all of 'em—I didn't make yours."

A gentleman who has lived for many years in sight of the ocean, says it is an undeniable fact the vicinity of the C always makes a hilly location chilly.

Somebody calls Alexis "the Russian National Him."



# Arlington Advocate.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.  
BY JOHN L. PARKER.

At the Store of M. A. Richardson & Co.  
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Terms \$1.00 a year in advance. Advertising terms liberal.

ARLINGTON, FEB. 3d, 1872.

## ARLINGTON LOCALS.

**FINGER TORN.**—On Friday last, John Butler, had a finger torn out with an ice hook, while at work at the ice houses.

**Mrs. Rice**, living on Medford street, fell down stairs on Wednesday, and sustained very severe injuries.

**FALL.**—Last Wednesday, William Dupee fell on the ice and severely injured his knee.

**LAW.**—The cases of the Messrs. Dickson who sued the town for damages, have been decided favorably to the town in both cases.

**ICE.**—The ice company will have 50,000 tons of ice in their houses in a few days. The weather has never before been so favorable as this season.

**JAMMED.**—Daniel Regan in the employ of J. W. Pierce, was thrown on his side and badly bruised on Saturday, in one of the coal bins. Later in the day his hand was jammed.

**MINSTRELS.**—The Arlington Minstrels are out with their bills for a grand performance next Wednesday evening, in Town Hall. They present a good programme, and we have no doubt will give a good entertainment. The tickets are selling well.

**OFF.**—Dr. J. C. Harris leaves town on Saturday next for a European tour. During his absence, his place will be supplied by his son Frank Harris M. D., in whose skill and judgement all may safely rely. Mr. C. C. Sawyer goes to Europe on business, at the same time.

**MASQUERADE.**—On the 15th of Feb. Gilmore's band will visit Arlington to play for a pillow-case and fancy dress, masquerade ball. It will be given by the same committee as last year, which is a guarantee that every thing will be conducted properly, and the affair pass off agreeably.

**SAVINGS BANK.**—Mr. Albert Winn has been chosen President of the Arlington five Cent Savings Bank, in place of Samuel Butterfield, deceased. Mr. Winn was also elected a member of the board of investment. Mr. William F. Homer was chosen Vice President in place of Mr. Winn.

**THE MYSTERY SOLVED.**—For the information of the good citizens, it is gatefully announced that the burning of the private property of an estimable citizen, quite recently in this town, cannot justly be charged to any of the inhabitants of the "plains" or "acre," so the supposition that there are any bad men or boys in Arlington, is still an open one. It might have been done, as our informant says, "by some persons out of town, out on a lark." Yes, we suppose so; all we know is, we should like to have had the author of "Cudjoe's Cave" present with an old king's arm, well loaded with coarse salt. The inhabitants of Arlington could have breakfasted and dined off salt lark.

**RUSSEL PARK.**—An item of interest for all interested may be found in the 6th item of the Will of the late James Russel, Esq., who donated this piece of property to the town. It reads "That said lot of land shall forever be kept open, and used as a public walk, or common, suitably fenced and adorned, with such ornamental forest trees as the public taste, for the time being, shall deem fit and proper, and to be kept open as a place for public resort and not as a cow pasture or any similar purpose." Now, does the disposition and the management of said Russel Park embrace within its ornamental and other attractive features, the requirements of a device, or such as would from the nature of the same make it an interesting place "of resort and recreation?" We think the respected donor had in his mind other visions, when he penned for the benefit of the citizens of the town, this explicit request as his will. He probably did not anticipate the state of this valuable piece of ground, and in this we are of the opinion, that many things must yet be done to render this (now embryo) park such

as will make a place of "public resort and recreation." A stranger, passing by this park, a few days since, inquired "What is this piece of ground set apart for? A play-ground for school children?" After being told it was Russel Park, he remarked: "I have heard of this place, and do think, however small the premises are for the purposes of an elegant park or place of resort, much more could have been done for less money, and still have added to the beauty of the same." The question many citizens would like to have answered is, what did the donor really and truly design as the best plan of carrying out his will in this matter of ornamentation and attractiveness? It is an open question, one which involves the expenditure of money. Let us have the opinion of our citizens through these columns.

## THE CHRONICLES OF MENOTOMY.

BY RUMFORD.

### CHAPTER III.

What Jonathan said; his famous paper.—The stranger from the Hudson; his councils.—Reading the paper.—The silent oath.—The order of No. 1.

The next meeting of the "Old Cocked Hats" took place on the Wednesday evening succeeding the one noticed in our II. chapter. The "Boys," comprising the third house, were as usual all in their respective places, and had become as prompt as members of the general court, each one in his place.

The second house, or the "Old Cocked Hats," were all seated around the round table; the tall tallow candles, like ghost lights, diffused around not light only, but imported the same odoriferous perfume that so troubled the nice sense of smell of George, before mentioned. There was an addition of two persons to this meeting.

"Who is that little old man in gray? Is he a miller, or who and what is he?"

This and sundry other inquiries, equally pertinent, went around the third house; and this third house had some embryo members, who have since made some little stir in West Cambridge and Arlington, as well as made handsome fortunes for themselves. So this assemblage of the future inhabitants, who were so soon to take their appropriate places as actors in the great drama of life, if they were "boys," were boys, the "manhood" of whom some more fortunate by birth and fortune, would be but a poor exchange.

These were the learners and the listeners to the social gatherings in the next room. Punctually at the hour of seven the old men moved their chairs to the table; eleven men, including the two new comers, were present; when, after the usual dispensation of the beverages, the punishing of several mugs of "flip," and some half dozen "Old Medford Slings," the business of the meeting, the small talk, and stories, and an occasional song, filled up the two hours of the evening.

One old man named Samuel then rapped on the table, and said: "On the last night of our meeting, we agreed to learn what we could by quiet inquiry as to what was the 'news that most concerned us from near the sea.' Has any one heard anything, or does any one know personally of any movements of any of the Owls?" Jonathan, said the speaker, "had you not something to say at the last meeting? We will hear it."

"I had," replied the person addressed, "and the bad birds are not all dead."

A member of the round table said:

"To what do you refer? Not to one of the Owls, I hope! Should think their late mousing in the dark had given them a hint that day-light was better than night; however, what is the news, and how did you get it?"

"As to how I obtained the news, it matters not, so long as I have it, and know whereof I speak."

"What," continued Jonathan, "would you think of a man, or a party of men, living in our precincts, who would utter in open day-light such damnable sentiments as appears to be the object of a large party of men, who to all outward appearance are good citizens and some of them townsmen, as the following?"

Here the tall form of the speaker seemed to tower even higher than his wonted stature, as he arose in all the dignity of insulted manhood; his eye flashed, and over the whole man there came a change, wonderful to behold.

Boys, as we were, we could then appreciate the noble manhood of this old patriot—and we all loved him then; for his patriotism and his true nobleness of soul.

Cries of "What more, go on, let us hear the rest!"

"Well," said Jonathan, "this old Owl, I am speaking of, belongs to a company of

bad men, as bad or worse than himself; this association, I have found out, was formed as far back as the year 1700; the true object of these men was, and is at present, to make all the political and social mischief they can; they are many of them the most unscrupulous of men, and they stop at no means; however bad, provided by them they accomplish their ends."

Taking a paper from his coat-pocket, he unfolded it and read from the sheet the following.

"Now, gentlemen," said Jonathan, before reading the paper, "this paper is signed by that Old Owl Clark, and twenty nine others—and here is what they say; they are all of them a nest of unclean birds, or what a profane man would call damned Tories!"

Here, at this point, the enthusiasm of the "boys" became almost uncontrollable; these sentiments were just those of nobleness of character and goodness of heart, that would find a ready lodgement in the breasts of boys, yet pure and uncontaminated with vice.

The school of patriotism and truthfulness in which we were learners, I claim, did the future of our lives no harm, but much good.

A loud Amen was the united response by the assembled company; and then, after the turning of a "double corner" of "flip," the speaker read:

"We, whose names are herein written, do each one, for himself, agree to retaliate upon and make reprisals against the inhabitants of the several Provinces, in America, who are now in a state of actual rebellion against their Sovereign."— Besides, these men are all acting under the authority of commissioned officers. The commander in chief of these men, I have learned only to-day, lives in Rhode Island. Now," said Jonathan, "how do you like this?"

All the assembled men, sitting around the old oaken table, arose; and, with bended heads and clasped hands, repeated after the dictation of their chief speaker some formula—the import of which (from its being barely whispered) we, the boys, could not hear; consequently did not know what it was. But one of our respectable boys, Alfred, said: "It is good; wait, and you will hear more."

We had not to wait long, for Jonathan, in the true spirit of an Old War-horse, as he afterward proved to be, returned again to the charge with renewed vigor.

"This paper says further: 'We feel ourselves warranted, by the laws of God and man, to wage war upon our inhuman persecutors,' and use every means in our power to obtain redress and compensation for the indignities and losses we have suffered."

And this very remarkable historical paper closes with a very strong invitation to all who had preserved their loyalty, as well as to all those who hated the now 'Rebels' of America, to join with them in overthrowing the then colonists of the mother country.

Amid the most perfect silence did these men take their seats.

The presiding officer of the evening, or, as a member present styled him, "Mr. No. 1" (for no names were spoken, except on unimportant subjects), asked if all had heard what had been read, and if they all were fully alive to the importance of this communication to them. All answered: "Yes."

The old man in gray before spoken of arose, and was introduced to those present as Mr. Livingston, from the vicinity of Hudson river. He counselled action, silent and careful, and requested that each one of those present would, if possible, bring another "person of like mind with themselves to the next meeting."

The hour now being near the adjournment, the No. 1 read from a slip of paper: "All present will come prepared, at our next meeting, to give an opinion as to what shall be done with several Owls, lately found domiciled in preserves, upon which they have no right to make their nests. The meeting is now adjourned for one week."

"Old Medford Slings" were in those days compounded of just half a glass of old New England or Medford rum, of which the article was pure, mixed with the same quantity of water, either hot or cold, and usually with the addition of a browned half cracker, and a little nutmeg grated thereon. One glass was deemed amply sufficient for these old men of West Cambridge.

"Owl" was a term applied to sundry evil-minded persons, who made the cover of night a fitting time for the commission of their evil deeds; but was in this instance applied to certain "disloyal" persons, to call whose names would not have been prudent in the estimation of these careful old men.

Had these days no name for such a man? We boys of West Cambridge, in our young hearts' simplicity, called him a "grand old patriot." Had we lived in Arlington, we should quite probably have expressed our high opinion of him, by calling out: "Bully for you, old hoss; you're a perfect old brick!"

"Rebels," so called by the Tories or Loyalists. This is word for word the declaration of the Society of Loyalists, formed about 1770 to 1775, to make war upon the American colonists; and it existed long after 1776, and did much harm to the inhabitants among whom it was founded.

## "All Hands Aboard—Handle the Pikes."

HOW ABOUT THE WOOD'S MILL INJUNCTION?—We learn that Alexandrine injunction case, that has for a long time been dragging its slow length along has at length been decided before the full bench of judges. How soon the "Big Wigs," will promulgate their decision we do not know, but hope soon; as many curious, and some interesting ones, would like to know. The question so long having vexed sundry good citizens, and associations in both towns, has at length been settled by Judges, and will soon be communicated for the benefit of all parties concerned.

Is Mystic River a navigable River, or is it not? Shall the Thetis Boat Club run its boats over or through Wood's dam? Will not the Medford Journal give us an item upon the merits of this case, as it is presumed to be a fait in Medford Locals. We should like to copy it. The unwritten history of this Dam, and its defenders, and assailants, will when written, and published give not only an amusing, but unique history of the quips, quibbles and squirms of many kinds of fish other than Alewives, that circumnavigate the channels of the Mystic River.

The true history of all these strange events, with all the rare and poetical effusions, sayings and doing of the "Medford braves," men and boys, are they not to appear in due time in that wide awake live paper the Arlington Advocate? Certainly the facts will all appear and our Medford and Arlington friends will have an opportunity to subscribe for the same at the West Medford Depot and at the Periodical Depot of Richardson & Co. Arlington, this special notice is inserted at the request of many citizens; to whom we would say you had better subscribe now for the paper, and preserve your files, for the Arlington Advocate is a fixed fact, a live and spicy paper, and bound to live and thrive. Why should we of Arlington not have an advocate, while Medford has a journal? Let our friends each one, who has a store or a shop, or a manufactory, insert only six lines or his card in the Advocate and it will go on (as the Thetis boat club say) "at the top of the wave," and though its Editor does not mean to rush it through every Dam, it may find in its way; will chapeau in hand, try the law of kindness, and genial good will to each and to all, apportioning words of good cheer, rebuke in love, or gentle sarcasm, which while it wounds, will still heal;—and make the Advocate, and its readers the better for having met.

ARLINGTONIAN.

### Medford.

**TEMPERANCE LECTURE.**—Mrs. Shepherd of Illinois, a lady who is visiting every place where there is a Lodge of Good Templars, made us a visit on Tuesday, the 23rd, and delivered a lecture on the great subject "Temperance." It was a very able production, and was listened to with much interest by quite a large audience.

**ACCIDENT.**—We regret exceedingly to be obliged to record an accident to our chief spokesman, M. A. Lane, who had two of his ribs broken and sustained other injuries, which have confined him for some months. We hope he will soon resume the block for we feel that we should never be able to buy or sell much unless he was on the wing.

**SURPRISE.**—About seventy-five of our young people on Wednesday evening, 24th ult., visited the house of Mr. Henry Huckings, and surprised the younger portion of the family. They were warmly received and passed a pleasant evening in lively games and merry laughs, until the smiling faces of the ladies, betokened something better in waiting, in the dining hall, whereupon (as is customary one year in four) they extended their arms and the gentlemen had no heart to stand back, but were conducted into the presence of everything that could please the eye and satisfy the palate. After feasting from these good things, sentiments were given and the ideas of some drawn out, and the old bachelors, on the whole, had many gentle hints "to do more and do well, and not be contented to do less than do better."

**THE SONG MESSENGER.**—Root & Cady send us the January number of the Song Messenger a monthly devoted to music. It has four pieces of music and interesting musical reading matter.

## LEXINGTON LOCALS.

**GOOD.**—The E. Lex. Dramatic entertainment will net somewhere near \$70 for the Statue Fund.

**ACCIDENT.**—On Monday 22d ult. Jeremiah Donnavan while at work with a tip cart had one of his hands caught and badly torn.

**NOTICE.**—Rev. Henry Westcott will lecture next Sunday evening, Feb. 4th, at 7 o'clock, on the doctrine of "The Atonement."

The Rev. Mr. Porter entertained a party at Mr. Daniel Muzzey's, Monday evening, with Stereopticon Views and reminiscences of travel.

**SEVERE LOSS.**—Mr. B. T. Bachelor met with a severe loss last Monday, in the death of his horse. Supposed cause Pneumonia.

**RUNAWAY.**—Mr. D. E. Jewett's horse took a little exercise last week, that was not down in the bills, no particular damage done; one shaft broken.

**ACCIDENT.**—A horse attached to a carriage, belonging to a dealer in Rubber mouldings, started from Watham street Monday and ran up the Main street, but luckily no damage was done.

**SOCIAL CIRCLE.**—The Unitarian Social Circle occurred last Friday evening, Jan. 26th. This was the second meeting of the society, and was a very pleasant affair. The supper was excellent and with games, music and social intercourse an hour or two whirled away in a manner highly enjoyable.

**ANOTHER.**—The Social Circle of the Orthodox Society was held last week at Mr. Merriam's. Mr. Merriam read an article upon his travels, which was exceedingly interesting. The next meeting will take place at the residence of Mr. Geo. E. Muzzey.

**Y. P. C. U.**—The last meeting of this Society was one interest. Vocal and instrumental music, readings, essays, declamation and debate, made up the programme. The young persons of this organization are having a successful season. Miss Etta Locke was chosen member of the business committee vice Mrs. Geo. O. Davis, resigned.

**OUR LECTURE SEASON.**—Owing to the cold weather rather a small audience gathered to listen to Hon. Jos. White Jan 25th. The speaker did not claim to open a Lecture to the people, but he proposed simply to have a "Talk" with them on a subject that ought to interest every person. "The State; its attributes its duties to the people; and the people's duties to it." The "Talk" was full of instructive points. Instructive lectures, we are sorry to say, do not draw large audiences. This may not argue well for society, but it is true. Something spicy, is what the public require. Such entertainments as this of Mr. W's therefore are called dry. Mr. White is one of our best educated men and has a very pleasing address. His position as Sec. of the State Board of Education is a sufficient guarantee of his ability.

**STATISTICS.**—Our efficient Town Clerk, Mr. L. G. Babcock, has kindly furnished us with the following memoranda:—

Whole No. marriages during 1871,	22
Natives of Lexington,	4
" " Other towns in State,	21
" " " States,	7
" " Ireland,	9
" " England,	2
Whole No. Births, 1871,	23
Of American parentage,	13
" Foreign,	10
Whole No. Deaths 1871,	42
Males,	18
Females,	24
Born in Lexington,	28
" " Other towns in State,	7
" " " States,	2
" " New Brunswick,	1
" " Ireland,	4
Over 80 years of age,	6
" 70 " " "	8
" 60 " " "	12

In a New Haven church, an intoxicated man in the gallery listened intently while the soprano sang a solo, and after she had finished he stood up on the seat, waved his hat and shouted, "Bully for you!" to the consternation of the audience.

It is said that a most thoroughly mixed obituary notice ever compiled was one in an English paper on Daniel Webster, in which he was alluded to as the "great lexicographer, statesman, the author of a spelling book, and the broken-hearted brother of the murderer of Dr. Parkman."



# Winchester.

**LAND SALES.**—Within a week, 306,663 feet or about eight acres of land bordering on the railroad opposite the new depot, belonging to Abijah Thompson 3d, has been sold to Mr. Cutting who is largely engaged in the bark business. at eight cents a foot, the purchase amounting to \$24,533.04. This property comprising a large tract of low land passed into the hands of Mr. Thompson several years since, who had it laid out under the direction of a skilful landscape gardener as a park, upon the most elevated portion of which he purposed at some time to erect an elegant house. Fanciful bridges were built over the Abbajona river which weanders through the land a good road made over it, trees were set out, a fence built, and many other improvements made connection therewith, involving great expense, which changed this marshy piece of land into an ornament to the town. A great many of our citizens were very much surprised at this investment, but time has shown the wisdom of the purchaser as well as his good luck. As it was apparent that this land would be wanted for business purposes its owner abandoned the idea of building a residence here, and has sold the balance of the premises as above stated. The whole property was offered to the railroad for depot purposes for \$35,000, but has been sold for more than double the amount of that offer. Winchester Park instead of being "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" will have upon it a tannery, lumber yard, freight depot and several dwelling houses, and from its location will necessarily be a busy place, one to which it is really more adapted than its contemplated use by its previous owner. Another sale of land on the west side is reported, of Mr. Skillings to Mr. Manny, being land recently purchased by the former and sold at quite an advance to the latter. A tract of land comprising several acres at Symmes corner has been sold to one of our citizens, upon which it is purposed to erect a dwelling house. The site is one of the most eligible in town. The particulars are withheld at the request of the purchaser. It is reported that parties are negotiating for other land in this section of the town and as "straws show which way the wind blows," so do these sales and inquiries indicate that property of this kind is in demand and that the south and west parts of the town are destined to make a rapid increase within a few years.

**JUROR.**—S. E. Brown was drawn on Monday evening, to serve as a Juror in the Supreme Judicial Court for this County.

**LEXINGTON POST-OFFICE.**  
Mail arrives at 7.30 A. M., and 4.50 P. M.  
Mail closes at 9.00 A. M., and 4 P. M.

**ARLINGTON POST-OFFICE.**  
Mail arrives at 7.30 A. M., and 4.30 P. M.  
Mail closes at 9 A. M., and 4 P. M.

**Arlington Minstrels.**  
GRAND OPENING NIGHT.  
At Town Hall, Arlington,  
FEBRUARY 7th, 1872.  
with the following array of amateur talent:  
AL LIBBY, ORIN WEST, FRED. HALLETT,  
BILLY GRIFFIN, AL CHASE, JOE RONCO,  
MR. ROUELETTE, M. CAPRON, NED  
SHELDON, and an efficient Orchestra.  
Tickets, 35 cts. Reserved, 50 cts.

**MATTHEW ROWE,**  
Dealer in  
**FIRST-CLASS GROCERIES,**  
ARLINGTON AVENUE,  
ARLINGTON, MASS. a16

GO TO  
**Dodge's Jewelry Store**  
174 Main Street, Woburn,  
FOR  
**Silver Plated Dining and Tea  
KNIVES,**  
Rubber Handle Knives,  
Ivory Handle Knives,  
Solid Silver and Plated Ware.  
Large assortment always on hand.  
Will be sold at the LOWEST PRICES.  
My goods are all bought for cash, and will give  
my customers the benefit.

## THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH.

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unequaled.  
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS, under other names, but resembling ours in shape and color of wrapper intended to deceive.  
THE RISING SUN POLISH IS BULK, for stove dealers use, at twelve cents per pound—twenty-five and fifty pound boxes. "Cheaper than any other Bulk Polish for nothing."  
THE RISING SUN LUMBER PENCIL.—No Sharpening. Cheap and Durable—supercedes other articles for purpose. THE RISING SUN BLACK LEAD LUBRICATOR. For axles, bearings and machinery. Lasts six times as long as oil alone. 50 lb. and 10 lb. boxes, 15 cents per lb. Try it.  
**MORSE BROS., Prop'rs., Canton, Mass.**

At **F. B. DODGE'S,**  
174 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.  
You can have your choice of any  
**Sewing Machine**  
FOR \$60.

**Five Dollars down,**  
**Five Dollars per Month.**  
Will make large discount for  
**CASH.**

All extras go with every machine.

Also Agent for Woburn and vicinity for the

**For SEWING MACHINES**  
**Health-Preserving and Labor-Saving!**  
By using this TREADLE, all injurious effects now produced by running Machines, will be entirely avoided. With less than half the labor, much more work can be done with this than with the old Crank Treadle now in use on all Machines. For instance, with one movement of one foot, with this Treadle, you can make from thirty to one hundred stitches on an ordinary Family Machine. The Machine always starts and runs the right way, and can be stopped instantly. Can be applied to all Machines. Warranted to give satisfaction. For further particulars call and see it in operation, or send for Descriptive Circular.

**ALONZO GODDARD,**  
DEALER IN  
**Stoves of all Kinds,**  
including the Magee Portable Range.  
Zinc, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, Galvanized  
Iron Pipe, Hardware, Doty's Clothes  
Washer, Clothes Wringers,  
Kitchen Furnishing Goods, Tin, Japan, Britannia,  
Glass and Wooden Ware.  
Special attention paid to manufacturing Milk  
Cans of all sizes.  
MAIN STREET, EAST LEXINGTON  
And near Main Street, the Centre Depot. m6

**\$5000**

Saved yearly to those who buy their

**Watches, Clocks,  
Sewing Machines,  
Jewelry and Silver Ware,**

AT  
**DODGE'S  
JEWELRY STORE,**

174  
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

The best assortment in Middlesex County.

No trouble to show Goods.  
**WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,**

Repaired at short notice.

## Lexington Advertisements.

**LYMAN LAWRENCE,**  
**Harness Maker**  
AND  
**CARRIAGE TRIMMER,**  
Main Street, Rear Post Office Block,  
LEXINGTON, MASS.

Harnesses, Collars, Whips, Blankets, Currycombs, Saddlebags, Chammois Skins, &c., constantly on hand.  
Repairing promptly and neatly executed. Collars a specialty.

**BOSTON & LOWELL R.R. CO.'S  
EXPRESS.**

Lexington & Arlington Branch.

Forwards goods and all express matter to and from BOSTON, ARLINGTON, LEXINGTON, BEDFORD, CONCORD, and CARLISLE.

**OFFICE, 33 COURT SQUARE,**  
BOSTON, MASS.

**W. A. LANE & CO.**  
**Auctioneers & Real Estate Agents**  
RESIDENCE, BEDFORD, MASS.  
Offices at C. A. Corey's Store, Bedford, and B. C. Whitaker's Store, Lexington Center, where all orders that are left will be promptly attended to. References many of the prominent men in adjoining towns. Thankful for past favors, they solicit the generous patronage that has been given heretofore. m2

**Arington Advertisements.**  
**PEARSON & TOBEY,**  
APOTHECARIEN,  
ARLINGTON AVE., Cor. MEDFORD ST.,  
ARLINGTON, MASS.

A good assortment of PURE  
**DRUGS AND MEDICINES,**  
Also all reliable Patent Medicines, Fancy and Toilet Articles. Stationery, Cigars and Confectionery. Prescriptions compounded with great care from the purest materials.  
Open on Monday for the sale of medicines only, from 8 to 10.30 A. M., 1 to 2.30 and 5 to 6 P. M.  
Agents for Dr. Kimball's Botanic Cough Balsam. a7

**JOHN FORD,  
TAILOR,**  
Over Upham's Market, Arlington Ave.,  
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Gents' Garments Cut, Made, and Trimmed in the latest styles. Garments repaired and cleaned in the best manner. a3

**CHARLES F. BRADBURY**  
(Successor to Thomas Ramsdell.)

DEALER IN  
**BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,**  
Cor. Arlington Ave. and Pleasant St.,  
**ARLINGTON, MASS.**

Particular attention paid to all kinds of CUSTOM WORK; also repairing done with neatness and dispatch. a10

**W. F. WELLINGTON,**  
Dealer in First-Class  
**GROCERIES,**  
Of every description.

Java and other Coffees Ground on the  
Premises every day.

**ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.**  
Goods delivered in any part of the town or West Medford, free of expense.

**Joseph W. Ronco,**  
**FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,**  
Over Upham's Market, Arlington Ave.  
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Particular attention given to Cutting, Curling, and Shampooing Ladies' and Children's Hair. a2

**WILLIAM KIMBALL,**  
**CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER**  
AND HORSE SHOER,  
Arlington Avenue.  
Opp. Whittemore's Hotel,  
ARLINGTON.

All branches of repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Particular attention paid to Horse Shoeing. a6

**PASTE** that will not stick, but you will stick to it; Livio Florentine Tooth Paste, sold by PEARSON & TOBEY, and is really a fine thing. a9

## TO THE CITIZENS OF ARLINGTON!



A branch store has been recently opened, opposite the Depot, where will be found the usual variety kept in a Fancy Bread Store.  
**Hot Bread every day at 4 P. M.** **Fresh Morning Bread,**  
and the best of FANCY CAKE, with all kinds of Fancy Crackers. Orders received for Cake, Ice Cream Fruit, &c., for public and private parties. a17

**Arington Advertisements.**  
**WM. L. CLARK & CO.**  
**CARRIAGE PAINTERS, TRIMMERS,**  
AND  
**HARNESS MANUFACTURERS.**

A good Assortment of Blankets, Halters, Surcingle, Whips, Cards, Combs, Brushes. all

Repairing promptly and neatly executed.

**ADMIRABLE** Hair Dressing, in the Lustrating Balm sold by PEARSON & TOBEY, Arlington. It cleanses your head of Dandruff, and renders the hair soft, smooth, and glossy. a8

**MOORE'S ARLINGTON & NORTH  
CAMBRIDGE EXPRESS.**  
**TWO TRIPS DAILY.**  
Leaves Arlington 8 and 11 o'clock A. M.  
Leaves No. Cambridge 8.30 & 11.30 A. M.  
Leaves Boston 11.30 A. M. and 3 P. M.  
**OFFICES:**  
In Boston, 34 and 35 Court Square, and  
45 No. Market Street.  
In Arlington, at the Centre Depot, and at  
house on Arlington Avenue.  
In No. Cambridge, at Henderson's Block.  
Goods and Packages of all descriptions carefully handled and promptly delivered.  
Thankful for past favors, the patronage of the citizens of Arlington and No. Cambridge is respectfully solicited. =

**O. G. Robinson,**  
**FISH & OYSTER MARKET,**  
Corner of Main and Water Sts.,  
ARLINGTON, MASS.

**OYSTERS SERVED IN EVERY STYLE.**

**SALT, CORNED, & SMOKED FISH**  
of all kinds. Fresh supplies constantly on hand. a13

**M. A. Richardson & Co.,**  
DEALERS IN  
**PERIODICALS & STATIONERY!**  
Gent's Furnishing Goods,  
HATS, CAPS, FANCY GOODS, CONFECTIONERY, PATENT MEDICINES, Etc.,  
Arlington Ave. at R. R. Crossing,  
Arlington, Mass.

AGENTS FOR THE  
**ARLINGTON ADVOCATE!**  
And authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements. Orders for Job Printing promptly attended to. a13

**D. DODGE,**  
**APOTHECARY**

Besides his large stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, &c., keeps constantly on hand

**FANCY SOAPS, PERFUMERY,**  
Tooth and Hair Brushes, Gents' Collars in large variety.

**PURE SPICES,** Soda and Cream of Tartar, and the various grades of the Oriental Teas, and Coffees, at the Co's very low Warehouse prices. a1

**WILLIAM O. MENCHIN,**  
**WHEELWRIGHT,**  
ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.  
Carriages Made and Repaired. a16

**HENRY LOCKE,**  
DEALER IN  
**PROVISIONS,**  
Vegetables, Fruits, &c.  
Pleasant St., Arlington, Mass. a14

U SHOULD read the **UNION SPY**, a Military Drama, published by John L. Parker, Woburn Mass., sent prepaid to any address for 15 cents.

## Lexington Advertisements.

**L. G. BABCOCK,**  
(AT THE POST-OFFICE.)

Has a full and carefully selected stock of

**DRUGS,  
MEDICINES,  
TOILET ARTICLES,**

And all goods usually kept in a FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE. Also, a nice assortment of Stationery, Confectionery and Fancy Goods.

To the above stock has just been added an assortment of

**TOYS  
AND  
HOLIDAY GOODS.**

**GEO. W. NICHOLS,**  
Dealer in

**WATCHES,**  
Clocks, Jewelry, &c.

Waltham, Elgin, and U. S. Watches are not excelled by any Watches in the market for time keepers and economy.

**SPECTACLES**  
of the best quality, and a perfect fit guaranteed.

Repairing done in a proper manner.

Goods not in stock supplied to order, and all goods warranted as represented.

TOWN HALL BUILDING, - - LEXINGTON.

Terms positively cash. m9

**E. P. RICH,**  
DEALER IN  
Men's, Boys' and Youth's,  
Women's, Misses' and Children's

**Boots and Shoes**  
Crochery, Ready-made Clothing, Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Umbrellas, &c.

Opp. Central Depot, Main Street, Lexington, Mass.  
Goods received for Barrett's Dye House. 4m  
Agen. for the Celebrated BURDETT ORGAN.

**A. F. SPAULDING,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
**BOOTS and SHOES,**  
**HANCOCK STREET.**  
LEXINGTON, MASS.

Gents' Toilet Slippers made to measure.

Come Early, Come Often,  
TO  
**Dodge's Jewelry Store,**  
174 Main Street, Woburn,  
Will offer bargains for the year 1872. Goods at Lower Prices than ever before.  
The best assortment of  
**Scotch Pebble Spectacles**  
AND  
**EYE GLASSES**  
IN MIDDLESEX COUNTY.



**POOR AND RICH CONGRESSMEN.**—The Capitol under Do in Piatt's management, has made a sharp, running fight against Congressmen who have any connection with "rings" and "jobs." The other day it spoke sneeringly (doubtless in a moment of forgetfulness) of those members "who live in second-class hotels, or in back alleys," and it has brought down on Piatt an indignant Congressman, who says: "And you are one of those who think that men of wealth alone should be sent to Congress? Do you agree with a certain Senator that a member of Congress should spend his \$5000 during his first month? Suppose he is poor and has a family to support, if he spends his \$5000 during the first month, would you have him, either directly or indirectly, steal a sufficient amount to keep him going for the residue of the year? But you will say, live on \$5000 a year, and live like a gentleman. Suppose the member has a wife and children who are dependent on him for support; do you think he could live at the Arlington on \$410 a month? Have you ever tried it? But you may say, let him leave wife and children who are at home, and he can live splendidly on \$400 per month. He might be able, now and then, to give a champagne supper to an editor, and be glorified in the next issue. Yes, certainly, this could be done; the poor wife might be left at home to stint and pinch and patch, and the children might grow up in rags and ignorance, and the honorable might cut a splendid figure. There are, however, some green fellows who prefer to live in a 'second-class hotel' or in a back alley, up three flights of stairs, and feed on plain fare, and relish it too, because they know that a good portion of the salary has gone home to supply comforts to the wife and children." Piatt "came down" at once, and acknowledged his mistake.—*Cor. Springfield Republican.*

**SOMETIME.**—A beautiful wail on the sea of literature, which could only have come from the pen of the gifted George D. Prentice.

"Sometime—it is a sweet, sweet song, warbled to and fro among the topmost boughs of the heart, filling the whole air with such joy and gladness as the birds do when the summer morning comes out of the darkness, and day is born on the mountains. We have all our possessions in the future which we call 'sometime.' Beautiful flowers and singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear the other. But oh, dear! be of the good cheer. For all good there is a beautiful 'sometime,' when the hills and valleys of time are all passed—when the wear and fever, the disappointments and the sorrows of life are over—then there is a place of rest appointed of God. Oh, homestead! over whose roof fall no shadows or even clouds, and over whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard—built upon the eternal hills, and standing with spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty among palm trees of the city on high—those who love God shall rest under thy shadow, where there is no more sorrow nor pain, nor sound of weeping.—'Sometime.'

**A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.**—A Meriden man returning from the "club" a few nights ago, got into the wrong house, and had just pulled off his boots preparatory to seeking his "little bed," when the proprietor appeared, and with some difficulty conducted him home. When they arrived, the inebriated individual was still so befogged that he insisted that his friend (who by the way is a strict temperance man), should be put to bed; assured him he would never say a word about his being "intoxicated"; pointed out to him the evils of intemperance; depicted the sorrow of his wife if she should ever know of his condition;

begged him never to touch another drop of liquor, and even went so far as to produce a bill for goods from one of our merchants, which, he insisted, was a temperance pledge, and with tears urged his friend to sign it, promising to stand by him through "thick and thin" if he would do so. It is needless to say that the temperance man didn't "sign."—*Ex.*

**DURABILITY OF TIMBER.**—In Tredgold's work on carpentry, there is much interesting information on this subject. He relates an experiment made on different sorts of timber sawed into one and a half inch planks. These planks were exposed to the weather for ten years, and at the end of that period were found to be in the following condition, viz., Cedar, perfectly sound; Larch, heart sound, but sap quite decayed; spruce, perfect; silver fir, in decay; Scotch fir, much decayed; pinaster, quite rotten; chestnut, perfectly sound; abele, sound; walnut, in decay; sycamore, much decayed; beech, sound; birch, quite rotten. But in connection with this experiment it must be observed, that in the same species of timber it is not unusual to find a great difference; planks from one tree being much more durable than those from another. Thus in the Canada lumber woods the pine growing in certain districts is more valuable and durable than that produced by other districts.

**A Detroit policeman** lately found a note book evidently belonging to a man who believes in routine business. The book is full of such sentences as these: "Monday—Buy a gallon of whiskey today; take four drinks. Tuesday—Get a gallon of whiskey at noon of —; also get shaved; don't get drunk. Wednesday—See if the whiskey is out, also, don't drink until after dinner; also, see about more whiskey."

**MY FIRST EXPERIMENT.**—The following is the experiment of a mechanic concerning the benefits of a newspaper: Ten years ago I lived in a town of India. On returning home one night for I am a carpenter by trade, I saw a little girl leave my door with a smile that is encouraging to a man after a hard day's labor. I asked my wife who she was. She said Mrs. R. had sent her little girl after their newspaper which she had borrowed. When we sat down to tea my wife said to me:

"I wish you would subscribe for the newspaper, it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."

My answer was: "I would like to do so, but you know I owe a payment on the house and lot, it will be all that I can do to meet it."

She said: "If you will take the paper, I will sew for the tailor and pay up for it."

I subscribed for the paper: It came in due time to the shop. While resting one noon and looking over it, I saw an advertisement of the county commissioner to let a bridge that was to be built.

I put in a bid for the bridge, and the job was awarded to me, on which I realized three hundred dollars, which enable me to pay for my house and lot easily, and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper I would not have known anything about the contract, and could not have met the payment on my house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a newspaper.

**SOUND VIEWS.**—In accordance with the usual custom in Kentucky, Senator-elect McCreery gave a dinner to the members of the Legislature of that State and others on the evening of the 18th instant. And in response to a toast in his honor he said that he considered an after-dinner speech the greatest humbug of modern times. The fashion was an innovation upon the good, old-time customs of the fathers. There had been, he said, a great deal of good, old hard sense in the thousands of years behind us, but none of it had ever sanctioned after-dinner speeches. They were about as useless and empty as the empty decanters from which they drew their inspiration. He said that that inspiration was all bosh; hard work does it all; and if there is any young man here to-night who has set himself down to wait, or any old man who has been waiting for the last forty years for this thing of inspiration to come skipping along and make him great, I say to him now, get up and go to work, and work hard, and long and steady, and by the time you are ready to step into your grave people will begin to say that you are a genius, and commence to think that you are one of those lucky fellows who have been blessed by that blessed thing called inspiration. There's where your inspiration comes in. That's the nearest approach to inspiration that I know of, and if you want it you can go home to-night, get sober and commence at daylight in the morning upon a sixty years' work for it.

**SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MEN.**—Of those who engage in business on their own account only three out of a hundred escape failure, and only five out of a hundred succeed in avoiding a total collapse of their first effort. Of those who at some time or other have in hand a reasonable competency and may be said to have succeeded in business, ninety per cent. are still the subjects of after reverses of some sort, so that only ten per cent. of the successful ones keep their fortunes unshaken.

No two things should be more impressed upon the young men of our country than the insecurity of riches, even when acquired, and their unsatisfying character. There is no fallacy so universally cherished at the notion that wealth is surely a means of happiness. The care of a large property is one of the most burdensome of earthly trusts. The man who is earning a good living with a little something to spare annually for the sweetness of charity, is far less tried than the wealthy man, who if he gave judiciously in answer to every honest appeal to his benevolence, would soon divide his entire estate among the beneficiaries.

**THE WATCH AND MAGNET.**—It may not be generally known that it is a hazardous experiment to bring a magnet in contact with a watch, although a little reflection would remind one that the delicate steel mechanism is very susceptible to any such influence. A young lady in New York, possessing a beautiful Swiss watch, was recently spending the evening with some friends. A lad in the company, attracted by the little compass which nowadays it is so fashionable to wear as a charm, sportively expressed his doubts of its being a "good one," and brought his magnet to "test" it. In the course of the experiments the magnet was put upon the watch for a moment. It instantly gave indications of being in trouble. The watch was taken to the importer, who found it necessary to remove all the works, and to expose all the delicate steel machinery to some special heating process. Although it may be restored to its original condition, the owner will not care to expose it again to a similar experiment. Our readers may find her experience worth remembering.

**GARRISON AND WHITTIER.**—No two reformers of the present century have labored more harmoniously together, or cherished a more devoted affection for each other than William Lloyd Garrison and John G. Whittier. It is now more than forty years since they first met. One was then editing a weekly paper in his native town of Newburyport, and the other was at work upon his father's farm in East Haverhill and was unknown beyond the limits of that obscure village. One morning, Mr. Garrison picked up from the floor of his office entry a poetical effusion, written on coarse paper and with blue ink. Thinking, at first sight, that it was common doggerel, he was about to consign it to his waste basket, but on reading it, he found it to be poetry of more than ordinary merit. It was published in the Free Press and was followed by other pieces of still greater merit. Anxious to know the author of these anonymous contributions, Mr. Garrison made inquiries of the post rider, who informed him that every week he left a parcel of papers with a boy at a farmhouse in East Haverhill. Mr. Garrison at once rode to the secluded locality, which has since become so well known to the readers of "Snow Bound," where he found the youthful poet, a bashful boy, at work with his father, who though a man of excellent sense, and possessed of a degree of intelligence which made him a sort of oracle among his neighbors, was decidedly utilitarian in his views, and was anything but pleased with the literary tastes of his son. Mr. Garrison earnestly entreated him to place no restraints upon the poetical tendencies of the gifted boy who stood before him, little dreaming that he was destined to be an efficient co-laborer in the reform to which he was about consecrating the best years of his life, that the poet would live to celebrate in immortal verse the downfall of American slavery.—*Commonwealth.*

**MENTAL CULTURE.**—Education does not so much create faculty as it trains and invigorates it. It is to the mind what the grindstone is to the axe, giving it sharpness, not necessarily adding quality. A little more than this, however, is true, when we apply it to the culture of the mind; the very process of thinking and study has a tendency to work out the dross, thereby refining it, like hammering iron on the anvil; but the training of the mind, of which we hear so much among educationists, is that to which we now allude. It is not so much that the mind by exercise gains facility of action through habit, as that it learns the law of its own action. It finds out its own natural channel, and like the river, wears it broader, deeper and straighter, as it may have occasion; while the untrained mind is like a river emptied out upon an unmarked prairie, having no channel sought out adapted to its use, and thus left to spread and wander and stagnate. Education has an effect upon the mind analogous to that of the training of a horse to work in the harness. When first put to service, the horse may be strong; but the collar feels strange to his neck, and often chafes it. He is strong, but knows not how to use his strength to advantage; but by habit his muscles become more vigorous and harmonious in their action, until at the end of twelve months, without, in reality, being a pound heavier, or any stronger, he can move a load with ease, which at first it would have been impossible for him to start.

**OUR MOTHER.**—Round the idea of one's mother, the mind of a man clings with fond affection. It is the first deep thought stamped upon our infant hearts when yet soft and capable, of receiving the profound impressions, and the after feeling of the world are more or less light in comparison. Even in our old age we look back to that feeling as the sweetest we have through life. Our passions and our willfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes, to violate her commands; we may become wild, head-strong and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice; and nothing but still memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affections, like a flower beaten to the ground by a past storm raises up her head and smiles among her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the early period of our loss, forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not she possessed.

**NOT QUANTITY, BUT QUALITY.**—We learn a good deal about the inadequacy of the church accommodations to supply the population with seats. But do they not supply with seats all the people who want to come in, and leave some vacant pews to spare? What we want is improvement in quality quite as much as increase in quantity; more Christianity in the churches we have got, quite as much as more churches; more effort to fill up those that are empty, along with labors to build new ones to be perhaps no better filled. The character of a community is to be measured not by the quantity but by the quality of its churches. We know one little village, not a hundred miles from New York, that has five orthodox churches which would be vastly better off if it had but two, and they were full and vigorous. Moscow is said to have 430 churches and chapels, but Moscow is no city of saints.—*Christian Weekly.*

**YOUR EYE ON TWO-TEN.**—Burdett Coutts, the English heiress, is a well-known and most welcome customer at all the fashionable shops in London, but she is not so familiar a habitue of the shops in Paris. During a visit to this latter city, not very long since, she learned the death of a distant relative, and she went to purchase mourning in the shop, the Trois Quartiers, a large dry goods establishment, something like our own Stewart's.

She asked for mourning dress goods, and was shown by one of the attractive shopmen to the proper apartment:

"Please show this lady mourning stuffs," he said, "two-ten."

Miss Coutts made her selection, and then asked for mourning collars; the clerk who had waited on her accompanied her to the proper counter:

"Please show this lady mourning collars—two-ten," said he, and left her.

From this department she went to look for mourning pocket handkerchiefs, escorted by the clerk, who passed her over to his successor with the request, "show this lady pocket handkerchiefs—two-ten."

As she had still other articles to buy, she was escorted from counter to counter, department to department, and everywhere these cabalistic words "two-ten," were repeated by one clerk to another.

Struck by the peculiarity of this refrain, she asked the proprietor as she left the establishment:

"Pray, what does two-ten mean? I noticed each clerk said it to the other in your shop."

"Oh, it is nothing," said he; "merely a pass word that they are in the habit of exchanging."

But Miss Coutts was not satisfied with this explanation. Her woman's curiosity was piqued, and she resolved to unravel the riddle. So in the evening, when the porter, a young boy, brought home her purchases, after paying her bill, she said: "My boy, would you like to earn five francs?"

Of course he had no objections to do so, and only wanted to know in what manner he could do it.

"Tell me," said the lady, "what does 'two-ten' mean. I will give you five francs."

"Why, don't you know, ma'am?" said he, evidently amazed at her ignorance; "it means to keep your two eyes on her ten fingers."

The mystery was solved at last. All the clerks of the Trois Quartier had taken the richest woman in Great Britain for a shop-lifter.

She tells the story with great gusto, and one of her friends to whom she had related it in Paris, repeating it to the writer.

**THE "PRINTER'S DEVIL."**—Most of our readers are of course familiar with this term, commonly applied to the "lad of all work," in a printing office, but few are aware how he acquired his sulphurous cognomen. The *Scientific American* says that when Aldus Manutius set up his business as a printer in Venice, he came in possession of a little negro boy. This boy, known over the city as "the little black devil," assisted the mysterious bibliofactor; and some of the ignorant persons believed him to be none other than the embodiment of Satan, who held Aldus in the prosecution of his profession. One day, Manutius, desiring to expel this hallucination by publicity, displayed the young "imp" to the poorer classes. Upon this occasion he made this short but characteristic speech: "Be it known to Venice, that I, Aldus Manutius printer to the Holy Church and Doge, have this day made public exposure of the printer's devil. All those who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him."

**JOSH BILLINGS ON WHINING.**—I hev allurs observed that a whining dog is sure to get licked in a fight. No cur of well-reggerlated morals kan resist the temptation to bite a cowardly purp that tries to sneak off with his tale between his legs.

The whinin bizness man is just so. Avridge mankind don't put no konfidence in him.

Most people don't like to trade with him because they are afraid he'll bust up, or think mebbe he's already busted.

The more down a bizness man is, the more his kustomers will let him stay there.

A good, ringin bark is wuth more to put green-bax in a man's pocket than forty-two of whinin.

I onst knowd a postmaster to get turned out of offfis and tried to whine himself in again. Ef any bony cud make that kind of beggin pay he cud. But he has bin whinin ever sense, and every time he duz menny other dogs take a nip at him.

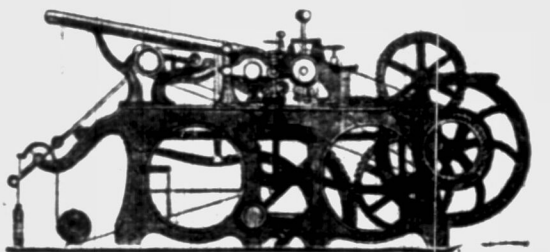
A drunken husband in an Ohio village who had a mania for breaking furniture had the tables turned on him very neatly by his better half. She very quietly looked on while he was engaged in his warlike demonstrations, then sat down and made out a bill embracing each article destroyed and its value. This done, she went to the saloon-keeper who kept her husband in spirits, and demanded the amount of the bill. He paid it promptly and collected it from the husband.

Every good act is a flower, which will beautify our final home.

# JOHN L. PARKER, STEAM BOOK and JOB PRINTER, 204 Main Street, WOBURN.

Possessing abundant facilities for the execution of every variety of letter-press printing, we are prepared to fill orders for

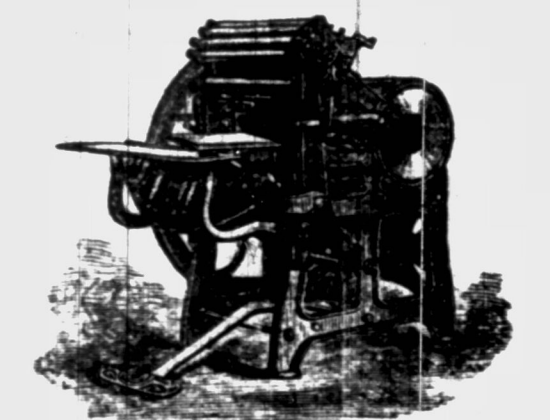
BOOKS,  
NEWSPAPERS,  
PAMPHLETS,  
SERMONS,  
CATALOGUES,  
REPORTS, &c.



BLANKS, CIRCULARS,  
RECEIPTS, CHECKS,  
STATEMENTS, BILL-HEADS,  
and all kinds of

COMMERCIAL PRINTING.  
BUSINESS,  
WEDDING, and  
ADDRESS CARDS.

ELEGANT PRINTING  
FOR  
BALLS and PARTIES



Mammoth Posters,  
AUCTION BILLS,  
Handbills, Programmes,

and every kind of printing, from the largest bill to the smallest card, turned off rapidly, in good style and at reasonable rates. A specialty made of

PRINTING IN COLORS.

Orders left at the Office, 204 Main Street, Woburn, or with M. A. Richardson & Co., Arlington, L. G. Babcock, Lexington, G. P. Brown, Winchester, promptly attended to.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

PARKER'S PRINTING OFFICE,

204 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN, MASS.